

The Louers complaint

for the losse of his Loue.

To a pleasant new tune.



I wander by and downe,
and no body cares for me,
Though I am but poore and vntowne,
yet constant will I be:
My dearest loue farewell,
a thousand times adew,
Seeing thou hast forsaken me,
and changed me for a new:

I neuer gaue thee cause,
why thou shouldst me forsake,
For neuer brake the faithfull vow
that you and I did make:
Farewell my dearest loue,
I tooke thee at thy word,
Hard hap had I to heare the bulsh,
and another to catch the bird.

I will goe range abroad,
He find some other thing:
If I had knowne you would haue flowne,
I would haue clipt your wing:
Would you haue clipt my wing,
He answered me againe,
You might haue done it in the wood,
you know the time and when.

Farewell my dearest loue,
to thee I made my sute,
Hard hap had I to graft the tree,
another to reape the fruite,

I alwaies waile in woe,
I traile still in paine,
I see my true loue where thee goes,
I hope thee'l come againe.

I heard a pretty tune,
concerning to a song:
A louer mourning for his loue,
and said she did him wrong:
He had her in the wood,
he might haue wrought his will,
But it was to doe him good
that had no better skill.

In woods or desert place,
had I ere my loue so,
I thinke I would haue plaid with her,
before I had let her goe:
Had she bin light of loue,
I should haue soone espied:
I crow I would a clipt her wing,
and cauld her to abide.

Should I let scape the Bird,
that I had fast on fist:
Then let her laugh and scoffe at me,
and vse me as she list.
He still doch beate the bush,
although the bird be lost:
And being stockfull in his suit,
thus fortune hath him crost.

If with my loue in woods,
so happy were I sped,
I should suppose my hap were hard,
to misse her maiden head,
Good friend be ruled by me,
that made this mortall song,
If thou wander by and downe,
thy selfe hath done thee wrong.

Thou alwaies waitst in woe,
thou trailest still in paine:
Looke ponder where my true loue goes,
He will neuer come againe:
Therefore be ruled by me,
and let thy louer passe:
If thou looke well thy chance may be,
to find another lasse.

¶ J P J S.

Printed by the Assignes of Thomas
Symcocke.

45. 6. 28. 280.